

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP



A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

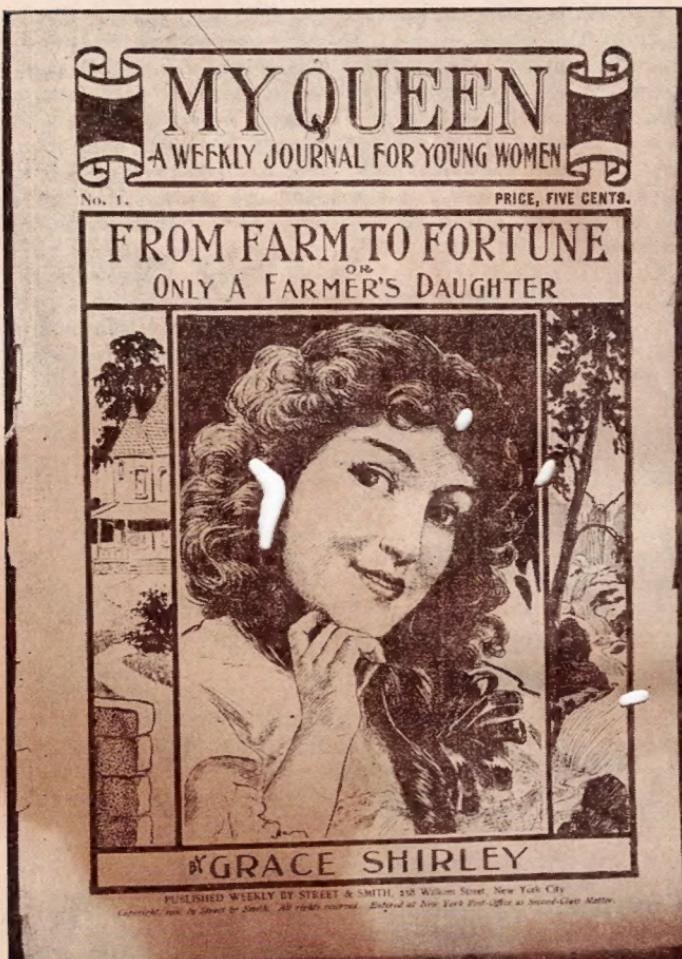
Vol. 21 No. 6

June 1953

Whole Number 249

MY QUEEN

by Charles Duprez



Photography courtesy Charles Duprez

MY QUEEN LIBRARY

or

A Rustle Without a Bustle
by Fanny Wiggles,
of Happy Hours Sisterhood

Your most reckless Ralph Cummings, he of the noted Roundup, has asked me several times to write an article devoted to that five cent thriller diller, *My Queen*, a thriller for blushing gals, like I USED to be.

He gave his reason for this request, he knew I had read them many years ago, also the Roundup never had an article by one of the female species. This may have had a lot to do with the Roundup still being in existence. So if Ralph wants to take a chance, here goes. Stout lad, Ralph.

Of course writing for mere man alone, kinda gives me a creepy feeling, knowing I am about to play before a tough audience.

I will try my best to cover this assignment, and so now that I have eased up a bit on my girdle which was just killing me—ah that feels better—to work.

My Queen was on the news stands so long ago, 1900 to be exact, and at the time my wrinkles were not quite as outstanding as they are today, in spite of Camay, the soap for beautiful women. So don't you fellows get any distorted picture about me, in fact only the other day some smart Aleck made a crack that I had more wrinkles than an over-stuffed prune. Added to that my weight is just not what it was in 1900. I am quite aler-

gic to scales of any kind, even those marked Out of Order.

No I never married, had a good chance once, but muffed miserably. A burglar broke into our house one night, I quickly jumped out of bed, locked the door, he took one look at me, then jumped through the window, carrying sash and all. So there went my last chance.

Here I am wandering away from the subject, but wanted to give you a faint idea of the one responsible for this article. So go ahead and skip to the Newsy News and the ads, see if I care.

Well boys, *My Queen* made its first appearance in my home town, Wheeling, W. Va., just a blot on the map in those days, dated, Sept. 19th, 1900. I would not have paid much attention to it, if it had not been for my girl friend Rosie Bottom, whose brother Wadda Bottom was forever buying and reading those nickel thrillers you men are so hog tied to. My interest prior to this was mostly reading high class literature by Bertha M. Clay, and Charlie Garvice. My tastes also were wrapped up in the theatre, and when Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model came to town, followed by Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl, for a two-day run, my reading had to be set aside. I so well remember Nellie and Bertha, as portrayed, and when I thin back, how those two could moan and woon all over the stage, the gals today could learn a lot on the smootching angle. Let's get back to *My Queen*.

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Edited by

Edward T. LeBlanc, 36 Taylor St., Fall River, Mass.

Assistant Editor

Ralph F. Cummings, Fisherville, Mass.

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The heroine was one Marion Marlowe, same name as the gal Arthur Godfrey has on his television show, but am quite sure they are not one and the same. Frank Parker might be that old, but not Marion. My Queen was a sort of Frank Merriwell, the one big difference was that she never stopped any runaway horses, never carried her lover out of a burning bldg, and never, NEVER got into a fist fight.

Now once I was launched on My Queen, the startling events were so interesting, I induced Rosie and her sister Ophelia Bottom to join me in keeping up with the stories. We three finally became so acquainted with the various characters they seemed to live before our eyes. True, some of our viewpoints were rather catty, but females are like that. Marion was the only one all agreed upon, she was like the driven snow. The love scenes, those had us all atwitter. The author surely did know how to flutter the heart. Mine used to go bumpety bump from cover to cover.

No. 1 was called, From Farm to Fortune, or, Only a Farmers Daughter. Written by Grace Shirely, so the book stated, but I find it was really Laurena Sheldon, who from last reports is still alive today. Nobody knows why. According to Charlie Bragin the library ran for 29 issues. I dug through all the Roundups from No. 1 up to the present and all rated 29 numbers. Until I happened to run into a copy of the Happy Hours Mag. also a product Reckless got out, and

No. 57 there appeared a statement by our departed friend Harold Holmes the positive statement that it ran for 30 numbers. In this small item Harold says, and I quote, The truth is, My Queen ran for 30 numbers, and I'm not guessing about that, for I have a complete set of My Queen from No. 1 to 30 inclusive. No. 30 is entitled, Under Lock and Key, or Marion Marlowe's Last Role. I am sure this number definitely winds up the series, as she marries, and POSSIBLY lived happily ever after. End of quote. Then Harold adds on a P.S. Street and Smith state they were going to increase the size of My Queen, with added attractions, to make the stories more and more interesting, but they just dropped the entire idea, no further copies appeared. So the reader figured, she married, gave birth to a sextette, and adventures from there on were devoted to bottles and diapers. I never went the entire series, so have to take my information gained through the Roundup.

So boys, that's all I can tell you. I do wish I could go back to those good old days, but I, same as the rest of you, bow before Father Time. I wonder what ever happened to Nellie and Bertha.

Anybody know?????

Charles Duprez

Editor's note. Notice the resemblance of the picture to Marion Marlowe of Arthur Godfrey's Television show. More remarkable is the similarity of names.

BUCKSKIN MEN OF FOREST AND PLAIN

By J. Edward Leithead

Part 3

The frontier in the final phase of its wildness was as exciting as any that had gone before. Upon the wilderness stage strides an imposing figure in sombrero and buckskins, with long dark hair, mustache and goatee—William Frederick Cody, who, as Buffalo Bill, rose to fame in this era, when buffalo still dotted the plains by the thousands, the Pony Express was a gallop on its amazing

mail deliveries, the gold camps were booming, the Iron horse was riding the rails, old Concord stagecoaches, red-bodied with yellow wheels, were preyed upon by road agents, the Sioux and Cheyennes, magnificent in eagle feather war bonnets, carrying buffalo hide shields and lances or the latest repeating rifles, were massing for their last stand, and the high-horsing cowtowns were writing cattle trade

history in six-shooter smoke. The guns were breech-loaders, Sharps (the famous buffalo gun) and other makes—Spencer, Henry, Winchester and Remington repeaters, with the busy troopers in blue depending pretty often on the Springfield carbine. The favorite six-shooter was the "Frontier Peacemaker".

Boy of the Iowa prairie, Bill Cody was still just a brown-haired kid in buckskin when the Cody family moved to a spot close by Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Little Bill saw covered wagons rolling westward, he saw Indians and long-haired white men wearing wide hats and buckskin, not realizing he was to play a big hand in the exciting business of settling the plains.

But he started early to learn the job for which he was destined. Cattle herder at ten, out with overland freighters to Utah a couple of years later. Boy trapper and Pony Express rider, when he began to show the qualities that were to make him famous. Into the Union Army for the duration of the Civil War, and then a stretch of driving stage.

Meat-getter for the Kansas Pacific (and called Buffalo Bill ever afterward), beating Will Comstock, another great plainsman, for the buffalo-killing championship, in part an advertising stunt of the railroad Scout and guide for General Custer, chief of scouts for General Carr, General Merritt and others, always a favorite with the Army as well as brother frontiersmen. Had more adventures than fell to the lot of most, and even if a dime novelist hadn't popularized him, he would have been heard of.

Killed at least two well-known Indian chiefs in battle, Tall Bull, the Sioux, at Summit Springs, and Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne, at War Bonnet Creek, and how many more Indians and border outlaws Cody himself probably couldn't have told you. Pahaska, the Long Hair! There was something about him, besides good looks and bravery, scouting and shooting skill, that made him stand out. Showmanship. He proved it when he appeared on the New York stage with

Wild Bill and Texas Jack. He proved it even more when he and Dr. W. F. Carver got together that grand exhibition, the Wild West Show, which expanded into the greatest thing of its kind ever to hit the road, Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Anyone who saw Colonel Cody, in buckskin coat or red shirt, sombrero in hand, make a farewell salute, backing his white horse out of the arena at the end of a performance, never could forget it.

We all know that the first story of Buffalo Bill Cody, king of the buckskin men, was Ned Buntline's serial in Street & Smith's New York Weekly in 1869. I have covered the subject pretty thoroughly in my article, Buffalo Bill, Multi-Storied Border King in DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP. But I find that I have a bit more to say about novels relating to "the handsomest man on the plains," as the New York Weekly quoted Ned Buntline.

Beadle & Adams' Dime and Half-Dime Library series detailing his adventures were a notable success, due not only to the drawing-power of Cody himself but the authorship of Ned Buntline (E. Z. C. Judson), Col. Prentiss Ingraham and Major John M. Burke, press agent of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. The titles of the Buffalo Bill novels, listed separately on the backs of Beadle libraries as the list grew, were always money-bringers. I mention a few in the Dime Library that catch my eye, all by Col. Ingraham:

#92—Buffalo Bill, the Buckskin King, or, Wild Nell, the Amazon of the West.

#117—Buffalo Bill's Strange Pard, or, Dashing Dandy, the Hotspur of the Hills.

#158—The Doomed Dozen, or, Buffalo Bill, Chief of Scouts.

#229—The League of Three, or, Buffalo Bill's Pledge. (This one has excellent pictures of Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill and Texas Jack on the cover).

#326—Buffalo Bill's Grip, or, Oath bound to Custer. A Tale of the Great Scout's Challenge to Sitting Bull. (I

haven't a copy to check with, but believe this has the cover illustration showing Cody, bloody knife in hand, standing over the fallen Yellow Hand, at the edge of a cliff, and waving the Cheyenne chief's war bonnet and scalp at troopers massed below—the first scalp taken to avenge Custer, killed at the Little Big Horn. The actual duel took place on open prairie, the scout and the Indian chief horseback until the mounts were shot under them. But evidently Col. Ingraham thought it more spectacular to stage the fight on a cliff).

#691—Buffalo Bill's Blind Trail, or, Mustang Madge, the Daughter of the Regiment.

#697—Buffalo Bill's Buckskin Brotherhood, or Opening Up a Lost Trail.

#735—Buffalo Bill and His Merry Men, or, The Robin Hood Rivals.

#743—Buffalo Bill's Flush Hand, or, Texas Jack's Bravos. A Romance of the Pard Rivals on the Texas Border.

#750—Buffalo Bill's Big Four, or, Custer's Shadow. (General Custer appeared with Cody in numerous tales).

#787—Buffalo Bill's Dead Shot, or The Skeleton Scout of the Colorado.

#823—Buffalo Bill's Sharp-Shooters, or, The Surgeon Scout to the Rescue. (That would be Dr. Frank Powell, "White Beaver," who was Cody's companion in many stories).

#845—Buffalo Bill's Redskin Ruse, or, Texas Jack's Death Shot. A Romance of the Overland Desperado Giant.

#882—The Three Bills: Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill and Band-Box Bill, or, The Bravo in Broadcloth.

#984—Buffalo Bill's Life Raffle, or, The Doomed Three. A Romance of the Wild Monarch of the Haunted Fort.

#1029—Buffalo Bill in Arizona, or, Buckskin Sam's Shadow Trail. (This was Major Sam S. Hall, of course).

There was one in Beadle's Dime Library about Cody's early days, by Buntline, #517, Buffalo Bill's First Trail, or, Will Cody, the Pony Express Rider, and another in Beadle's Pocket Library #388, The Pony Express Rider, or, Buffalo Bill's Fron-

ier Feats, by Ingraham, actually a reprint, with changed title, of Adventures of Buffalo Bill from Boyhood to Manhood in Beadle's Boy's Library #1, Ingraham's very good biography of Cody. A couple more about the youthful Cody were in Beadle's Half-Dime Library: #191, Buffalo Billy, the Boy Bullwhacker, or, The Doomed Thirteen. A Strange Story of the Silver Trail—in this tale, dealing with the Russell, Majors & Waddell freighting outfits, Wild Bill as well as young Cody appears, and the author is given as Captain Alfred B. Taylor, U.S.A., but a reprint of the story in Beadle's Pocket Library #160 is signed by Col. Prentiss Ingraham; the other in Beadle's Half-Dime Library was #204, Buffalo Billy, the Pony Express Rider, or, Gold Plume, the Boy Bandit. A Romance of Buffalo Bill's Early Life, also by Ingraham (the story was reprinted in #1046, with title reversed). Cody's stage-driving days were the subject of Half-Dime #216, Bison Bill, the Prince of the Reins, or, The Red Riders of the Overland, by Ingraham.

A lot of interesting Buffalo Bill items appeared in Half-Dime Library, all of them the work of the prolific Col. Ingraham—#929, Buffalo Bill's Crack-shot Pard, or, The Tenderfoot in the Wild West (only a few issues later, in #936, either the same story was reprinted with change in title, or one that was apparently very similar, Buffalo Bill's Boy Mascot, or, Jack Jarvis' Hold-up. A Story of the Tenderfoot in the Wild West, #942, Buffalo Bill's Tough Tussle, or, The Buckskin Boss Boy, #958, Buffalo Bill's Mazeppa Chase, or Dick Dearborn's Death Ride, #995, Buffalo Bill's Drop, or, Dead-shot Ned, the Kansas Kid, #1000, Buffalo Bill's Decoy Boys, or, The Death Rivals of the Big Horn, #1013, Buffalo Bill's Texan Team, or, The Dog Detective, #1040, Buffalo Bill's Pony Patrol, or, The Mysterious Boy of the Overland, #1052, Buffalo Bill in Disguise, or, The Boy Boomer at Danger Divide. It seems that in the Half-Dime Library "Buffalo Bills", youthful he-

roes were featured with Cody, more than in the Dime Library, to catch the interest of boy readers.

I'm not sure of the publisher of the Saturday Library—it sounds like a Beadle story paper—but there was a good Buffalo Bill item in #35, *The Prince of the Platte, or, Buffalo Bill's Long Trail*, by Buckskin Sam (Major Sam S. Hall).

Street & Smith's Log Cabin Library printed a nice little bunch of Buffalo Bill novels by various authors: #103, *Buffalo Bill at Wounded Knee, or, The Battle-secret of the Bad Lands*, by W. B. Lawson (Robert Russell), reprinted as #127, *Buffalo Bill's Best Shot, or, The Heart of Spotted Tail*, by Ned Buntline (E. Z. C. Judson), reprinted as #384; #128, *Buffalo Bill's Last Victory, or, Dove Eye, the Lodge Queen*, by Ned Buntline (E. Z. C. Judson), reprinted as #386; #134, *Buffalo Bill's Best Bowler, or, The Soldier Scout's Last Trail* by E. W. Wheeler (St. George Rathborne), reprinted as #394; #145 *Buffalo Bill's Border Bravos, or, The Trail Through the Land of Death*, by E. W. Wheeler (St. George Rathborne), reprinted as #390; #152, *Buffalo Bill, the Border King, or, The White Queen of the Sioux and the Girl Rifle-shot*, by E. W. Wheeler (Robert Russell), reprinted as #392; #160, *Buffalo Bill's Long Trail, or, The King of the Plains to the Rescue of the Deadwood Coach*, by E. W. Wheeler (St. George Rathborne), reprinted as #395. Most or all of these were New York Weekly serials, just as a good many Dime Library "Buffalo Bills" (and probably Half-Dimers too) were first serialized in Beadle story papers.

(to be continued)

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Two of J. Edward Leithead's (member of H. H. Bro.) Western Stories are now on the Newsstands in pocket book form, *Bronc Buckaroo* (which sold so well they printed a second edition) and *Elcoody Hoofs*. Another one, *The Lead Slingers*, will be out

soon.

Wallace H. Waldrop says that issue No. 106 of "Classic's Illustrated," has the title of Buffalo Bill. This is a fine comic for reading pleasure, as well as a future collector's item, it's on all newsstands now, and he also states that "Science Fiction Plus," another one of Hugo Gernsback's fine magazines, for the month of June Vol. 1 No. 4, has a nice article on the inside back page on science fiction in "Dime Novels." There is also 4 novels pictured as follows. "Pluck and Luck" #174, "Frank Reade Library," #45, "The Boys Star Library," #31, and "Wide Awake Library" #553.

Gernsback has published fine science fiction magazines for years, and is still at it.

Charles Duprez says you recall no doubt the article I wrote, Roundup #211, *Lets Turn Back the Clock*. Therein I described my misadventures on that world famed N. Y. to Paris Auto Race. In this article I mentioned the driver, fellow named Monty Roberts. He and I at the time were great friends, while Schuster who after San Francisco became the driver. Monty took the car from N. Y. City to Cheyenne, Wyo. Well anyway, the thrill. Was a settin at home the other night, phone rings and a voice asks, I would like to speak to Charles Duprez. "I'm him," I sez. "Well Charlie" he sez, "Who did you know very well 45 years ago?" I thought someone was kiddin me, couldn't for the life of me figger who, the only ones I could remember that far back are all safely planted under the daisies—or sumthin. Well Ralph he finally told me who it was, no other than this Monty Roberts, now 74 years old. Seems he heard I was still breathing and wanted to meet me. He tells me that all the others, mechanics and reporter, with the exception of Schuster were where the woodbine twineth. Did I get a thrill out of that? He got me too late however to get me in on a televised story about the race, played by Hollywood actors, Van Johnson played the part of Monty Roberts. You can imagine Ralph how I would have had a big kick seeing that. So does that

kind of a thrill top Geo. French—or not? Schuster, still alive, now 83.

Just heard the sad news that Geo. French lost his brother, tuesday, April 14th, when he was found next morning in his chair. George says he has been expecting it, but was hoping he would live through the summer, and longer, if possible. George says his life would rival "Ned Buntline's" in a way, for he left home without warning in 1902 to see the world, and for 10 years they never knew where he was.

During that period he worked in mines, on ranches, farms, in woolen mills, at lumbering, and so forth.

In 1912 a friend tipped George off that he had recently seen brother Bill in a mill at Bemis, Mass., so George set out to find him. At Watertown, George left the train and walked a mile to Bemis. The track entered Bemis through a sort of meadow and wooded area. George was still on the tracks, which were rather high in places, when on glancing across the meadow to a road winding through trees, a lone pedestrian was walking along with a book in his hand, and about to disappear around a bend. George yelled, "Are you acquainted around here"? He stopped and said, "Not much."

George started in astonishment—his voice sounded familiar, so George yelled again, "Do you happen to know a Will French?" It was of course just a crazy sort of question, but the whole thing was fantastic anyhow. There was no reply for 10 seconds—only a dead, but ominous silence. Then his reply, sort of hesitatingly, "That's my name."

Ye Gods! Can you beat that?

George scrambled down that bank and across that meadow so recklessly that he at first thought he was some escaped lunatic. George thrust his finn at him over a board fence, saying, "Don't you know me Will"?

George writes: He stared at me, absolutely dumbfounded for a few seconds, then recognized me. You will realize that there was something miraculous about that meeting, when you consider that had I been 5 seconds

later in spotting him, he would have been around the bend and out of sight and as I was on my way back to school where I was teaching—in Monson, Mass.—I couldn't have located him at all, as he was on his way to Boston, and I had to leave early the next morning.

We stayed at a hotel that night, and maybe we didn't reminisce. He had recently wandered back from the west, but had not planned to go home, thinking no one would want to see him because of his period of "Wild Oats" sowing.

I managed to convince him that he was wanted just as much as when he was with us last, so the next year we were all on the old farm together once more.

From that reunion till his death he lived down his hectic years of absence. He worked as a guide and teacher of wood lore in camps till 1927 when he became a State of Maine Inland Fish and Game Warden, a position which he filled with much credit until his retirement in 1947.

Ye editor of Newsy News, Cummings, wants 2 copies of Zane Grey's Western Magazine that he missed out in getting, they are Vol. 6 No. 8 (October 1952) and Vol. 7, No. 3 (May 1953) write and state price wanted?

Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus is by-passing Worcester, Mass. and central Massachusetts this year, so guess we will be missing it for fair, for they are going up into the Province of Quebec.

City of Killers, appeared in Vue, Vol. 4, No. 1, June 1953—Here in the street Wyatt Earp played his lone hand against a lynch mob of 300 and saved his prisoner, also in this article are legends that are kept alive of the ghosts of John Slaughter, China Mary, Billy the Kid.

Anyone wanting Beadle's Dimes & Half Dime Libraries, Golden Days, and so forth, write your Pard Ralph Cummings, and send him your want lists.

Bro. I. Sy Seidman, 505 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. wants Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for April 29th, June 17th and 24th 1865. Name

your price for them Pards.

Golden Argosy Vol. 5, No. 25, whole number 233, May 21st, 1887, has a picture of P. T. Barnum and a half page of reading matter of his early life up to that time, by Richard H. Titherington.

Max Saltzman has a fine collection of over 1500 thick size Merriwells, Nick Carters, Old Sleuths, Buffalo Bills, Ted Strong's, Diamond Dicks, Algiers, Lightfoots, etc., in fine condition, and enjoys every minute he is with them. Says he has never seen the flat size, especially Tip Top Wkly, as it was in about 1925 before he really started, and never knew about the H. H. Bro. until a few years ago. Says he would like to meet other members in or around Los Angeles once a month for comparing notes, and spinning a few yarns. Says he'd love to see a yearly convention started.

SUGGESTION BOX By Robert H. Smeltzer

How about readers, especially new ones, relating their experiences in dime novel collecting, how they became acquainted with novels and the Round-up. Which are their favorite weeklies and why. I'm sure Editor LeBlanc would be glad to publish such articles. (Ed. Note: I sure would).

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

90. Edwin H. Sissung, 390 South 7th St., San Jose, Calif. New address.
140. Mrs. H. B. Patten, 241 E. Vista Way, Vista, Calif. New address.
208. Harold J. Malbon, 803 Washington St., Stoughton, Mass. New Member.

(Advertisements)

EXCHANGES COLUMN

Novels of all kinds for sale. Send me your want list. Roy E. Morris, 901 East Michigan Ave., Orlando, Florida.

My advertisement in the preceding number of the Round-up still holds. Albert Johannsen, Box 566, Winter Park, Florida.

Am interested in pictorial data on the motor car from its origin up to 1940. Books, magazines, ads, catalogues, etc. Give description and quote delivered prices.

Don M. Buntling
302 Kenmore Manor
Toledo 2, Ohio

I WILL PAY \$250.00

for the first 60 numbers of TIP TOP LIBRARY (WEEKLY). Must be in very nice clean sound condition, at least 7x10½ in size, in original colored covers, and with no stamps of a disfiguring nature, no tape or other repair work, no browned or brittle pages, and no wrinkled, frayed or soiled covers. Or I will pay prices in proportion for single issues if the entire run is not available. Can also use runs or single issues of later numbers, small or large size, in the same condition as described above, if not trimmed down from original size.

J. P. GUINON
P. O. Box 214
Little Rock, Arkansas

J. Edward Leithead
wants
ACE-HIGH MAGAZINE

Second November Number, dated November 18th, 1927. Feature story on cover is Hair-trigger Law, by Wilson L. Covert (one of Ed Leithead's pen names) and there is also an instalment of a Larry Ordway serial in this issue, Gun-toters of the Steel Trail, under Ed's own name. Condition of the magazine doesn't matter as long as the complete instalment of the Ordway serial is there.